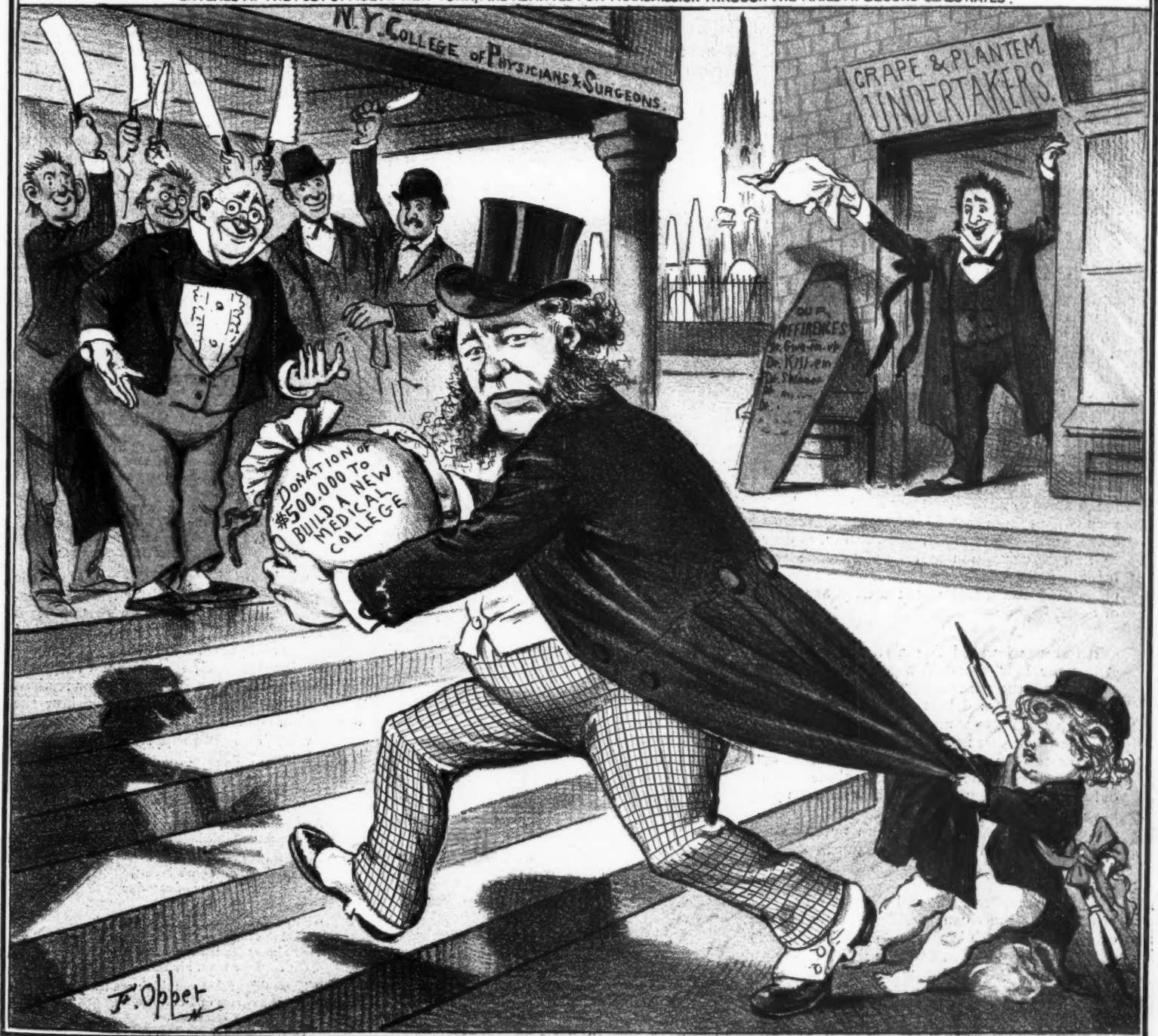




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OUR MERCILESS MILLIONAIRE.
VANDERBILT.—"The Public Be--Doctored!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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NOTICE.

No portion of this paper will be sold for use in campaign documents or for other political purposes. No exception will be made to this rule. PUCK'S print and pictures are for the people; not for politicians.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

Let the old ship go into the dry-dock. In the four years to come let us undo the work of the men who for four times four years have persistently spoiled and misused her. We trusted her to them when she came safe into port from her great voyage of glory. She was sound in every timber. The scars of battle were but dints upon her iron sheathing and scratches upon her sturdy masts. The stains upon her deck were of patriotic blood, that sanctified rather than soiled. Her great work was done. There were only smooth waters and fair skies before her. In all love and gratitude and trust we gave her into the charge of her guardians. How have they given her back to us, now that the day of accounting is come?

They have taken out her staunch timbers to fill their place with rotten and crumbling wood. They have replaced her mighty masts with sapling poles that will stand no gale. Her hull is pierced with holes made by the rocks and shoals of dishonor among which they have steered her a devious course. Her rigging has fallen away in neglect. They have picked the very oakum from her sides to sell it. Worm-eaten, decayed, disgraced, unseaworthy, as near to ruin as corruption and incompetence can bring her, they ask us to-day for leave to complete their work, and wreck utterly our Ship of State.

Better the lowered flag and the dry-dock. Better the four years of honest work which shall repair their insolent ravages. For when the venal crew is driven from the deck, and loving hands set to work to build up what they have destroyed, we may once more in hope and faith look to see her what she was. And when, at so great a cost, she is restored to us, the grand old ship of old, better for the new strength we have given her, we shall have learned the lesson of her dishonor and ours, and never more will she be trusted to unworthy hands.

This coming term will end the first hundred years of the American Presidency. Shall the century begun with Washington at the head of our government end in disgrace with James G. Blaine in that sacred chair? Is not this the great question we have to face? Look at it clearly, and see its magnitude. See how small all considerations of policy, of convenience, of party fealty must appear beside it. Consider

what that question involves. The election of Blaine does not mean only that we shall have a bad man in the Presidential seat. We have had bad men there before, and the country has survived it. There might be far worse things for the nation than the election of a bad man in support of a good principle. Such painful political necessities may—must, perhaps—come to every country. They must be accepted, not thoughtlessly or lightly, but in deep seriousness and sober regret.

But we stand in no such case to-day. If we elect Mr. Blaine we elect a bad man as the representative of a bad principle. Knowingly, we have never done this before. Even the defenders of slavery were put in power by the votes of men who honestly believed that slavery was at least a desirable institution. But nobody can honestly think political corruption a desirable, or even a defensible thing. And nobody who will read the testimony that is abundantly offered by the best men of the two great parties can doubt that James G. Blaine is the living exemplar of the idea of deliberate, systematized political corruption. It is not merely that he has done dishonest and dishonorable things. It is that he, and the men who defend him, and with whom he allies himself, defend, excuse, palliate this dishonesty and dishonor, and that they are known to practise what they preach.

So that is more than the question of having a good President or a bad one. We have to ask ourselves whether we shall formally approve Right or Wrong. Is there any doubt that this is the issue put before us? If you vote for James G. Blaine you vote for a man who has been openly proclaimed, by reputable citizens

TIMELY ART.



STATUE OF
LIVERY ENTICING THE GIRLS.
[To be Erected at Yonkers.]

and responsible newspapers, a liar and a corrupt official, and who has neither disproved the charges brought against him nor punished as slanderers those who brought them. If you vote for James G. Blaine you vote for a man who is willing to assume the holy trust of office with the burden of this odium on his shoulders. Is not this enough for honest men—or must the candidate stand at the cross-roads and cry "I am unclean!" before they will acknowledge his uncleanness?

And if you vote for Grover Cleveland you do not vote for the South, nor for the Democratic party, nor for slavery, nor for State sovereignty, nor for free trade; but for a man who has been chosen as a candidate by the wisest Democrats and the most patriotic Republicans, just because he best represents the principle of honesty in public affairs, and because he is able to give us that pure and clean government in which he believes.

The combination of Mr. O'Brien's desperation and Mr. Kelly's impudence has resulted in making a bungle of the nomination for the Mayoralty. This practically amounts to the election of Mr. Grace. It will also have the effect of disgusting a great many Republicans with the methods of the men whom they have permitted to manage their party. Beside the general revolt against the national ticket, there will be in New York a bolt from the principal local nomination. To decent Republicans it will be only a new evidence that their party government is rotten branch as well as root. They will gladly welcome the opportunity of electing Mr. Grace. They know him for a clean, able and honestly ambitious man, who has already held the office of Mayor, and who tried to do his duty, although he found his hands tied by troublesome legislation. Now, with new laws in his favor, with the power, as well as the will, to fight Tammany, we may safely give him our votes, irrespective of party; and, when he is elected, look to him for a sound administration of local affairs.

WASHINGTON, D. C., }
October 25th, 1884. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

At the main door of the Treasury Department there is a news-stand, but no copies of PUCK are on sale, although other illustrated papers in opposition to Cleveland occupy conspicuous positions. Such is liberty as seen through the eyes of Blaine sycophants.

As the knowledge of the writer of this letter would cause his removal, I must simply sign myself

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN.

Yes, we know it. And the power of the Republican National Committee has also interfered with the sale of PUCK on certain Railroads controlled by the friends of that hater of monopolies and guardian of the laboring man's interests, Mr. James G. Blaine. Such desperate and cowardly measures may annoy our readers, and we are sorry for that; but they show the sore straits in which the blainiac managers find themselves. Trying to suppress newspapers is queer business for Republicans.

THESE BEAUTEUS scarlet leaflets
 Are falling at my feet
 As I roam the flaming forest,
 Where the bird sings low and sweet.
 I love these delicate leaflets
 As red as the robin's breast,
 Or the faint soft line of carmine
 That glows in the five o'clock west.
 "Oh, those are not scarlet leaflets,"
 Said the foreman, with a whack
 That almost landed the poet
 On the floor upon his back:
 "Those things that you think are leaflets
 Are the covers of PUCK ON WHEELS;
 A new edition 's just issued
 To increase our laughter-peals."
 Price 25 cents per copy.

ONE PARADE TOO MANY.



BALTHAZAR BLIVENS, of Brooklyn, bet on Blaine. Balthazar Blivens's soul was filled with deep awe when he heard the name of Blaine. He was a Republican of the Republicans, and he gloried in the thought that he was going to sacrifice his manhood on the altar of the good old party. Balthazar Blivens paraded whenever he had a chance. It didn't make much difference to him what organization he paraded with, so long as he was permitted to carry a transparency bearing some information in regard to "Plumed Knights" or "The Magnetic Man from Maine." When there were no parades in Brooklyn, Balthazar Blivens came to New York and looked at one here. He reveled in

the pomp and circumstance and kerosene oil of the campaign.

One night, not long ago, Balthazar was in a despondent mood, for he could not find a procession. Just as he had decided to go home and polish up his torch for the next parade, he met a friend who told him that the Hocking Battery of New York was going to turn out at nine o'clock. Not a moment was to be lost. He had just time to throw on his overcoat and fare forth into the star-gemmed night. He hastened down to the Bridge, and, depositing a nickel, rushed through the gate. He boarded the car and was soon on his way across. The lines of lights along South Street soon glimmered below him.

"If they only had a brass-band at the head of that line," he murmured: "it would be sublime."

Soon he was in a Third Avenue Elevated car gliding up-town. The rows of electric-lights in the Bowery served to inflame his imagination. He scented the torch-light from afar off. Time waxed on, and Balthazar arrived at his destination. Yes, there was no doubt about it—there was going to be a parade. Smug-faced women, unwashed babies, unkempt boys and short-haired dogs were gathering in the streets. There was a faint sweet smell of kerosene floating on the evening breeze.

Hastily Balthazar Blivens, more keen-scented in this chase than a detective on a five-hundred-dollar-reward-and-no-questions-asked watch search, ascertained the route of the procession. He quickly found him a coigne of vantage on the curb-stone whence he could view the passing pageant. With great difficulty he restrained himself from going to the headquarters of the organization and asking permission to carry a transparency.

Soon the sounds of martial music smote the air. A brass-band of meagre proportions, but adequate pressure, turned a corner. Behind them glittered a long double line of burnished

helmets which flashed back the rays of lurid torches.

"Three cheers for Blaine and Logan!" shouted Balthazar.

"Hurrah!" remarked a small boy with consumptive voice.

"What's stickin' yer?" queried another.

Balthazar gazed upon the last speaker in lofty scorn. The band was passing. Then came the plumed voters and non-voters, marching gingerly over the cobble-stones. Balthazar was about to lift up his voice once more in praise of the Magnet, when he felt a fierce tug at his watch-chain. He looked quickly down, and saw that his seven-dollar nickel timepiece was gone. He glared wildly around. He beheld a wiry youth hastening toward the street-corner. In the youth's hand was the watch.

Balthazar Blivens was a runner. He had been a member of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club, and could do a hundred yards in ten seconds with all his clothes on. He gathered himself together with all the grace of a Harlem gazelle, and shot into space. The youth saw him shoot, and with wily intent turned directly across the line of the procession, hoping to be lost in the crowd.

But the line was carrying a rope.

In the twinkling of an eye the wiry youth had struck the rope with the waistband of his trousers and turned a flying somersault over it. Balthazar's speed was mighty, and he could not stop. He followed the wiry youth, somersault and all.

The next moment Balthazar found himself in the grasp of a powerful hand, and received



a thwack on the head which made him see a whole torch-light procession at once.

"Try ter break de line, will yer? Yer dog-gone Butler crank [thwack]. T'ink yer kin spile de parade, does yer?" [thwack].

It was a Plumed Knight who thus spoke and thwacked.

"But," gasped Balthazar: "he's got my—"

"Shut up! [thwack] or I'll bust yer durned head!" [thwack].

And bestowing a farewell kick upon Balthazar's prostrate form, the eminent member of the Hocking Battery left him groveling. Slowly he climbed to his feet. Where was the wiry youth who had taken the watch?

He was gone. So was the watch.

Balthazar Blivens, of Brooklyn, will vote for Belva Lockwood.

Puckerings.



The Summer season 's over,
No more I 've got to grind
This clumsy old hand-organ,
My daily bread to find.

No more I 've got to wander
Adown the dusty street,
With all the noisy children
Dancing upon my feet.

No more my lilac monkey
Will climb the brown-stone front,
From basement unto cornice,
And for the shekel hunt.

I 've packed away my organ,
No more with it I'll roam;
I 've sent the lilac monkey
Unto his Winter home.

Full soon you 'll see me sitting,
With smiles serene and bland,
Harvesting shining ducats
At my old chestnut-stand.

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF—Blaine's Record.

THE PIPE of peace at this time of the year is not the stove-pipe.

THE PATH of glory just now is the line of march of the political procession.

THAT OLD, time-worn melody, "The Silvery Waves," has been superseded by the pleasing air of "The Golden Bangs."

THIS is the time of year when the poet gets his wife to pour ice-water down his back and jingle sleigh-bells while he works up a Christmas poem.

THE CHIEF FEATURE of the dog-show held in this city last week was the large number of poodles of the Lytton breed. The ladies admired them, but bought very few.

"HOW ARE you, Barton? For whom are you going to vote?"

"Ah, deah boy, shan't vote at all, don't you know."

"Shan't vote at all! Why not?"

"Should be compelled to sweah that I was bawn in this blawsted country, old chappie, don't you know."

JUST AS a man begins to sigh,
With rapture in his eye,
And smile
The while

Across the pumpkin-pie,
It makes him sad to think
His dreams have got to sink
Out of sight;
And his bright
Smiles fly,

Knocked all awry

By the knowledge that he will
Within a short week jump and tear
And swear

At the gay and festive iceman with his
awful Summer bill.

THEY WERE FORGOTTEN.

Two sad and tired wayfarers met beneath the spreading branches of a giant oak that grew by the roadside, and sat them down to rest themselves. One was a white-haired pilgrim, with face deeply furrowed by Time's relentless plow. He was clothed in a suit of well-worn black of ancient cut, and carried in his hand a stout staff. The other was a seedy tramp. Upon one foot he wore a veteran boot and upon the other a part of a shoe. His trousers, which were held about him at the waist by a tenpenny nail, bore many scars of Life's earnest battle, and had lost the dome in an aggressive bulldog's teeth. If he owned a coat, he did not have it with him, and his head was partly covered by a straw hat of the vintage of 1876. His yet young face was sad and tear-stained, and his presence as a whole was not as attractive as a large, healthy overdraft.

The elder man was the first to speak. Turning slowly toward the younger tramp, whose head was bowed almost to his knees, and seeming not to notice his rags, the aged pilgrim said:

"My friend, the world seems to have been unkind to you."

"Unkind is no name for it, pardner," said the other, slowly raising his head and wiping his eyes with a piece of his shirt-sleeve: "the world has forgot me. Listen to the saddest story you ever heard from human lips. It will not take me long to tell it:

"Five brief years ago I was a happy, blue-eyed farmer's lad. That is, I was happy when there were no stones to pick. My father was a hard-fisted, high-tempered and despotic man. He had picked fifty tons of stones from every acre of his farm, and the exercise had made as adamant his once kind and yielding heart. I was his first-assistant secretary in the stone department. I had long secretly entertained a desire to resign, and one day when I declined to pick stones there were angry words. I was invited to pick stones or travel, and I said I would travel. I was young and hopeful, and I thought traveling would agree with me. I said I would go away and win my fortune in the great and growing West, and then come back wearing a high hat, and a suit of store-clothes, and diamond shirt-studs, and two watch-chains. I did not say this until I had got a five-rail fence between my father and myself. He was a quick man to strike out from the shoulder when anything displeased him, and when he struck out from the shoulder he most always hurt whatever was directly in the way of his fist.

"Well, I went West, and to-day, for the first time in five long years, I stood in the road by the old farm-house where I was once a light-hearted prattling child with flaxen hair and a sore toe. The old yard-gate that would never stay latched, the old wooden pump with a gourd on top, the apple-tree that bore the sweet apples by the bars, and the old grindstone I had so often turned until my youthful back was one vast territory of aches, looked as if I had left them but yesterday. And there was my poor old father out in the near field picking up stones, and looking hardly a day older than when I had left him and traveled. I went up to him and spoke to him, but he did not recognize me. I told him I was his long-absent son, come back to cheer him in his declining years, but he would not listen to me. He grew angry, as of old, and charged me with being a vile impostor. He said his long-absent son was to come back wearing a high hat, and a suit of store-clothes, and diamond shirt-studs, and two watch-chains. He demanded to see the high hat, and store-clothes, and diamond shirt-studs, and two watch-chains; and when I tried to tell him of my bad luck and disappoint-

ment, he said there was no fatted calf on the premises for any prodigal son unless he wore a high hat, and store-clothes, and diamond shirt-studs, and two watch-chains, and he came toward me with uplifted hand and I went away.

"Then I walked down the road with a heavy heart to the home of a bright-eyed little girl who was my youthful playmate—my 'little sweetheart' I used to call her—and for whom I had always saved the biggest and mellowest apples, and the yellowest pears, and the peaches with the reddest cheeks. I said she would know me, though all the world beside refused to listen to me. As I thought of the meeting with her some of my old-time gaiety and elasticity of step came back to me, and as I walked up the lane and through the front gate I half imagined I was again a happy lad. She came out on the porch as I approached. I knew her at once. Five years had but added to her charms of person. Her brown hair was banged prettily across a white, thoughtful forehead; a pair of eyes as blue as the bluest skies looked straight down upon me. She frowned, reached for a convenient broom-handle, and said:

"'Dinner's been over two hours, and we haven't got a thing for you.'

"'Maria Jane,' said I: 'I am not after victuals. Though I have had nothing whatever to eat since yesterday morning, and no pie since week before last, I am not starving so much for food as for one friendly word from one whom I knew and loved in my youth. Maria Jane, I am William Henry, the playmate and sweetheart of your childhood's happy hour.'

"She broke into a cold, hard, cast iron laugh, and then called the bull-dog and set him on me. He was a young and vigorous bull-dog, and he chewed the dome out of my trousers before I could induce him to break off the attachment and go away from me. He not only chewed my best trousers in the most reckless

BARRED OUT.



THE MELANCHOLY FATE OF OUR PROUD AMERICAN PRODUCTS IN UNAPPRECIATIVE GERMANY.

manner, but he took several mouthfuls out of my leg. Pardner, I am a broken-hearted man."

And the tramp put his face in his hands and wept like a three-gallon sprinkling-pot.

"My friend," said the gray-haired pilgrim, rising from the ground and approaching the weeping tramp and taking him by the hand: "my friend, a half-hour ago I did not believe there was on all this great earth a living man more dead—a man once known, honored and respected, and now more thoroughly forgotten by all mankind, than myself. The narrative of your misfortunes has cheered me up. It has proved to me that I not alone am living, yet dead to all the world—forgotten by kin and country. 'Tis thus we gain consolation by unburdening our hearts to one another. 'Tis thus, by meeting and communing with those who have endured more crushing woes than ourselves, that we learn we are not the most unfortunate human beings under the sun. I am forgotten—dead to kin and country—but no person has yet set a bull-dog after me."

"It is relieving to my crushed spirits to once more hold a human hand in mine," said the seedy tramp: "and since we are both forgotten by all who once knew us, let us know each other. Will you kindly tell me who you are?"

"Yes," said the gray-haired pilgrim, with trembling voice: "I am an ex-Vice-President of the United States."

And without another word the two sad and forgotten pilgrims shook each other by the hand and parted.

SCOTT WAY.

THE LATE Henry J. Byron wrote about sixty plays. He must be getting a very heavy royalty now.

THE MAN who has the floor is the man who is learning to ride the bicycle.

THE A. M. S.-S. CO.

The Automatic Mechanical Stump-Speaker Company desires to inform political organizations, national and State committees, and other associations which hire speakers for the campaign, that it is now prepared to furnish speakers for any part of the country at prices much lower than those usually charged by human orators.

Our automatons are of such perfect construction that, at a short distance, they can not be distinguished from the gentlemen whom they are intended to represent. On application, we will furnish a list of the orators on our books, with a short synopsis of the speeches which they are prepared to deliver.

This is no act of piracy. The originals of our automatons are furnished with a copy of the speeches to be delivered by their fac-similes for revision before delivery. We also pay a liberal royalty on each speech to those gentlemen whose fac-similes we use. As we sometimes have the same gentleman speaking in twenty widely separated parts of the country at once, the sum of these royalties amounts to more than the original could possibly earn himself, and he is spared the wear and tear of traveling and of speaking.

In several instances the originals have written the speeches to be delivered by their fac-similes, and in future we shall aim to make this a feature of our system. The company assumes all risk of injury. The speakers can not be injured by any shower of eggs, and they pay no attention to pistol-bullets. The voice is more resonant and slightly louder than the natural voice, so that it will fill any hall. None of the automatons will be sold. They are sent out in charge of skilled operators who have had large experience as makers-up in theatrical troupes.

In ordering speakers for a meeting, please state the quality of politics desired, and what speakers would be preferred. We guarantee that the same speaker will not speak on the same evening within a radius of one hundred miles.

We have so far met with great success, and as a proof that the deception is complete, we would call attention to the fact that the Gen. Butler now traveling through New York State is one of our automatons. Gen. Butler himself is resting at his home in Lowell. We have engaged Mr. Julian Snodgrass, of the Newark *Beagle*, to manage our Gen. Butler, and with what signal success the reader knows. Mr. Snodgrass puts into the General's mouth just what speeches he desires, and this enables him to forward his reports to the *Beagle* beforehand.

(Private and Confidential.)

In order to convince our customers of our good faith, we give here a description of our mechanical stump-speakers. The patent has been applied for, and we shall not hesitate to prosecute such parties as infringe on us. We shall be happy to exhibit our automatons to such gentlemen as come properly recommended.

Our invention consists of an automatic man, or automaton, provided with a mechanical phonographic attachment, which, when wound up, will continue to speak until it runs down. As it runs for four hours, there is rarely any need of a second winding at one meeting.

The phonographic diaphragm and microphone is placed in the head, and is fed by a belt from the stomach. This belt is of steel, and bears the usual phonographic tracings, and has also small pegs, like a music-box cylinder, which move the mouth, eyelids, arms and head as required.

Each figure is provided with a dozen speeches on the political situation—one-half for Blaine

and Logan, and the other half for Cleveland and Hendricks. It has also twelve masks, or parts of masks, by which the appearance of the figure can be at once changed. No difficulty will be found in providing changes of clothing. The masks are portraits of prominent politicians, and accompanying them are full directions as to loosening or tightening the diaphragm, so that a close imitation of the voice of the gentleman represented may be produced.

The speakers will make the proper pauses for applause by reaching for a glass of water, so that if applause should fail no awkwardness will be caused.

At present we can not fill the demand for lecturers, solo-singers and mimics; but after election we shall be prepared to fill all orders of the kind.

For further particulars address the inventor,

W. R. BENJAMIN,
Office of PUCK.

THE CHICAGO NEWS says: "Ben can vote for himself, which is more than Belva can do." We shouldn't like to make a heavy wager on that. It's not likely that Ben works for one man and votes for another.

WHEN BELVA is President she will insist that the ladies of the Cabinet wear the "divided skirt." She will also go in for table service reform, and will advocate a reduction of the tariff on tea. It is rumored that, having experienced the joys of matrimony, she will agitate an early-closing movement—for saloons. The problem of what shall be done with the surplus in the Treasury will be speedily solved under Belva. There will never be any surplus there under feminine rule.

ANTI-EVERYTHING.

PICTURES OF A FEW DIFFERENT PARTIES.



Anti-Study Party.



Anti-Soap, Anti-Work and Anti-Temperance Party.



Anti-Hurry Party.



Anti-Go-Home Party.



Anti-Digestion Party.



Calling a Convention of the Anti-Sleep Party.



Anti-Celibacy Party.



Anti-Early-Closing Party.

A NARROW ESCAPE.



[XXIV.]

E are now upon the eve of one of the most disastrous Presidential campaigns that has ever visited this country. There has never been a time in the history of the republic when so much seemed to depend upon a wise use of a free ballot. Never was danger more imminent than it is now.

And what is the moral thus far taught by this campaign? If there has been anything of a moral nature, I have not observed it.

But what is to be the result of this style of campaign? Can we hereafter spur the ambition of our tow-headed American crows with the hope of some day being President? Ah, no! It has ceased to draw. The day when our growing youth were encouraged by the thought of being, in the future, the President of the United States, has passed. It now costs too much. The price is too high.

No one can adequately comprehend the quiet joy I feel when I call to mind how last June I hushed the first intimation on the part of my friends, and said pleasantly, but firmly, that I could not run. Before the mad *vox populi* had swelled into a sullen roar and grown into a resistless tide, I quelled it. Ere it had begun to *vox populi* very seriously, I said no, it could not be. With a prophetic eye I saw that it wasn't to be a question entirely of statesmanship. If it had, I certainly would not have quailed. And I can't say really that I quailed as it was, but I questioned the utility of my nomination.

"Gentlemen," said I: "if this is to be a contest of intellect and bulging brow, I have no hesitancy in peeling off my coat and becoming your plumed huckleberry; but I trow it is not." Later developments proved my keen-sighted ability to probe the future. When I trow anything, it is almost useless for any one else to come in and undertake to outtrow me.

I saw, as it were, with an eagle's ken, that this was to be a grand free-to-all smirch campaign, the best smirchist three in five to take the stakes. So I looked over my brilliant career as an ornament to society, and decided to pass. While I am no moral wreck or social outcast by any means, I felt as though I did not yearn for the asperities of a bitter and more or less exciting campaign filled with criminations and recriminations.

Those were substantially the reasons I set forth to representative friends in the party. That is the reason that my name was not suggested in the Convention. I knew that my nomination would be the signal for a most bitter and unjust attack upon my official career as Postmaster at Laramie City, Wyo.

Remorseless politicians, the cruel vultures of the opposing party, would have scoured the country to ascertain what my true name was before I went to the Rocky Mountains, and why I adopted a *nom de plume*. They would have ripped up my social record, and made me appear before a heartless world as a wart upon the features of good society. They would have heralded my shame broadcast over the face of the earth, so that on the fourth of March I would have found the city of Washington deserted.

I presume, as a matter of fact, there isn't a city in the civilized world that is so unreasonably squeamish and so prudish on the question of social smirch as Washington. So I didn't want to go to Washington, and do my own housework, and bring in my own coal, and carry water, and sweep out the White House myself.

Man is a social being, and does not like to be ostracized. I've been through an Indian outbreak, six or seven mining stampedes, an earthquake and a cyclone; but I've never been ostracized yet, and I don't want to be. I can stand almost any amount of physical pain without a murmur; but if I should happen to get ostracized, and couldn't get proper medical assistance at once, I believe it would break down my iron constitution, and leave me a physical wreck.

BILL NYE.

THERE WAS a grand outburst of joy in a little Western city the other day. All the stores were closed at noon, and a salute of twenty guns were fired at the City Hall. The schools were closed all day long, and the boys were given the freedom of the neighboring orchards. Brass bands played their sweetest airs, and flags were displayed on the public buildings, as well as from the windows of private residences. Everything tended to make the rich colors of Autumn even richer, and rapture simply ran a wild, untamed riot. And this was not on account of the presence of Mr. Blaine on the stump; it was owing to the fact that "Judith Shakspeare" has at last ended in *Harper's Magazine*. But while the people were roaring themselves hoarse, one feeble old man tottered out on his crutch and remarked: "Well, if 'Judith Shakspeare' has stopped, you must remember that 'Nature's Serial Story' is still in full blast, and Howells has revived 'Bartley Hubbard' in the *Century*."

A CAR-DRIVER'S REVENGE.

A square jaw such as a prize-fighter might have worn was displayed under the projecting edge of a large helmet-hat on the front platform of a Sixth Avenue car on an early trip yesterday morning. Back of the hat there stood a tall, slender youth, dressed in the latest fashion, who leaned wearily against the window and languidly puffed a cigarette.

As they turned into Carmine Street from the Avenue, a handsome young woman stepped out of a store and tripped up the street in the direction of the rapidly approaching car.

The occupant of the helmet-hat observed her at once, and, judging from her interested look, he was observed in return. Lifting his hand from the brake, he cocked the hat over his left ear, displaying a Rembrandt view of his countenance, spread his mouth, and worked his right eye-lid facetiously.

The young lady smiled back and the car rolled merrily past. At this interesting juncture a sudden ring of the conductor's bell caused the driver to turn in the opposite direction, when a sight met his eyes which lent a new aspect to the scene.

The features of the tall young man were just being composed after an extensive smile, and he was replacing his hat, which had evidently been recently doffed.

The smile faded out of the square jaw, and a look of stern resolve slowly spread over its surface. Further down the track there lay a pool of water, thick with mud. Into this he plunged the left horse, urging its steps by a few well-directed cuts with his bob-tailed whip. The result even exceeded his expectations. A huge cake of soft mud struck the tall young man in the face, covering his features like a mask.

After the tall young man had gone into the car to scrape the mud out of his eyes, the driver again exercised his eye-lid with extreme satisfaction, and with the faintest trace of a chuckle he observed to himself:

"O'i'll learn a dood to flirt wid a female on der front platform when Mickey is a-dhrivin' de carr."

"Boys," SAID Jones, bursting into the caucus: "I've got him!"

"Got whom?"

"The candidate that's sure to be elected. Never said anything queer on the tariff question, makes no distinctions of color, couldn't tell the 'bloody shirt' from a white necktie, never makes speeches and doesn't write letters."

"Great Scott! Who is he?"

"Brown. He's been deaf, dumb and blind ever since he was born."

THIS IS the time that the man in the country joins a political battery, and marches all over the town every night with a flaming torch on his shoulder. He does not care who is elected, and doesn't take the slightest interest in the campaign; but he can not let such a glorious opportunity pass to have good lively exercise, and work off the superfluous flesh he has amassed sitting on a high stool all day.

DELAWARE HAS just started a sanitary system called the Peach Cure. There are various other cures, and we think it would not be a bad scheme for a lot of influential Jerseyites to get together in the interest of humanity and start a Mosquito Cure.

"Ah," said Mrs. Baker, laying down the paper: "so a woman is going to run for President at last?"

"At last?" replied Baker: "why, my dear, all the women run for the President, when he is a single man."



—I said pleasantly, but firmly, that I could not run.—

JOHN COPPERTUG'S FALL.

A TALE OF PROHIBITION AND ICE-WATER.

"Please, sir, has my father been here yet?"

It was a timid, shrinking child who uttered these words. Her golden head was barely level with the polished top of the bar, and, as she stood there, the loungers in the gorgeous saloon cast glances of wonder at her. She seemed strangely out of place in that glittering palace of strong drink. The bar-tender, glancing at the sunny face and beseeching blue eyes, said, in tones of unwonted tenderness:

"N-a-a-aw."

"Then, sir," said the child, a delicate flush mantling her cheeks as she spoke: "my mother says will you please fill her growler for her, and father will pay you when he comes up-town?"

John Coppertug was a man of kindly, genial disposition, except when deprived of his needed quantity of strong drink. When in his cups, no kinder father or more indulgent husband could be found. Then it was that he brought home toys for his children, took his wife to the theatre, and made glad the hearts of all about him. It was only when he yielded to his evil cravings and tampered with the pernicious ice-water that the dark side of his character appeared. Then he would go home sullen and cross, ready to find fault with his wife, scold his children, and cast a gloom over the family circle. No wonder, then, that in the bitterness of her heart his wife would utter a wailing cry against the Croton Aqueduct Board, and bitterly deplore the existence of street drinking-fountains.

And on the evening of which we write John Coppertug was making his way up-town with bowed head and scowling visage. He did not stop at the corner-saloon for his customary evening "nip," but bent his steps directly toward the little home in which his wife and children awaited him.

The curtains were drawn in the cozy parlor, and the lamp on the centre-table shone softly on the face of the mother plying her needle and listening anxiously for her husband's foot-falls. The cheery light fell, also, on the happy faces of the children at play on the floor. It gleamed on the polished sides of the tin growler which stood, half emptied, on the table.

Mary Coppertug was at work on a pillow-case, and as she sewed she wondered whether her husband would come home sober or not. Would he roll merrily in with unsteady step and a breath as fragrant as a zephyr from the far off Spice Islands? Would the theatre tickets gleam on her from his vest-pocket? Would his face have a Spring-bonnet leer?

"Papa's coming!" cried the golden-haired child from her place by the window.

"Coming!" echoed the wife, dropping her work and leaping to her feet: "Look, child, and tell me if he is full."

"No," said the little girl, sadly.

"No," repeated Mary Coppertug, the bright vision fading from her mind: "Then may Heaven protect us! There will be no treat for us to-night. He has been at the water-faucet again. Run and hide, children, for your father is not himself to-night."

When John Coppertug entered the room he found his faithful wife seated, needle in hand, by the little centre-table. His eye fell upon the tin pail which, in her anxiety, she had forgotten to conceal. His brow darkened.

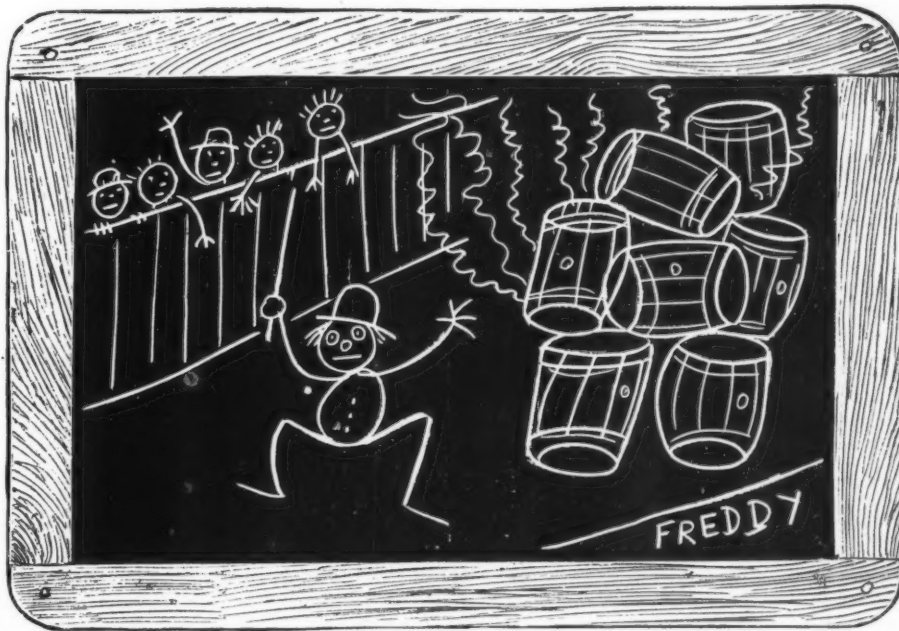
"What is that?" he demanded.

"It is the growler," she replied, firmly and sadly: "I have been working it for myself and our little ones. Oh, John, the time was when you used to share our simple pleasures. Why not now, as in the happy days gone by?"

Her husband seized the pail and emptied its contents out of the window.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkcocktobertwenteyate

dear puck

i hav gotter hed of ouer croud with The as-
tense of jim jonson it was a bigg rackit as i
wil Now prosede to narraight with owt fether
lawws of time as the felers say In the storey
paipers

the boys hav bin formen A barril bernin as-
osiacion An thay lefft me out

thay lefft me out becors i took jim jonson
two The theerter an diddent taik eneyboddey
else

thay mused hav thort i was van derbuilt
but thay got lefft that, tripp

jim jonson was soar yet a bout been Tide up
by the cleavland clubb An sow i got att him
an put him up two plane a tric on The croud
he diddent nead mutch putten up

we wated untill lasst nite wen The felers had
thare grate demmonstracion

a demmonstracion is A bonn fier
thay had the bonn fier down in jim jonsons
street ware thare was a nemptey lott

we wated til A bout ate o cloc wen thay wer
jest liten the fier An then we went inter jim
jonsons kichin ware the pleesman was sparkin

the cook in his shurt sleavs With his hatt of an
his feat on the rainj

we stoal his hatt an his cote An his club an
jim jonson putt them on An tuckd in the tales
an stuffd him self out with nucepaipers sose to
maik him self look bigg

then he wrappd on the paivment An gaid
a holter an ran In on the boise showten like
madd

you orter hav cene them skipp oaver the
fence thay wer mitey quik a bout it an thay
wer badley skared

then he noct thare bonn fier orl too peces
an roald the barrels down The hil ware thay
coudent gett them

there is a nuther gang off boise att the botom
of the hil

it can lik ouer gang

wen we gott bac the pleesman was moast
crazy lookin Four his cote butt he coudent
say enney thing becors he was orf his bete An
diddent wornter gett fownd out

youers revenchd

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight in time four me Too
dror an ellexion car Toon

"There!" he exclaimed: "I'm done with
growlers for ever. Come here, and I'll tell you
what I'm going to do."

She came nearer, with a strange look of hor-
ror on her face. He bent his head and whis-
pered something in her ear. Then he went
out into the still, cold night, and left her stand-
ing by the table with lips compressed and wild,
staring eyes from which no tears would flow.

* * *

An hour later Mary Coppertug entered her
father's house leading her three children by
the hand.

"I have come home to you at last, mother,"
she said wearily, as she sank into a chair: "I
can bear it no longer. John and I have been
growing apart from one another for a long
time, but I never thought it would come to
this. To-night he told me that he had resolved
to—to—"

"What?" demanded her mother.

"To vote for St. John."

JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK—The Works in a
Watch.

Answers for the Anxious.

W. W. F.—Thanks.

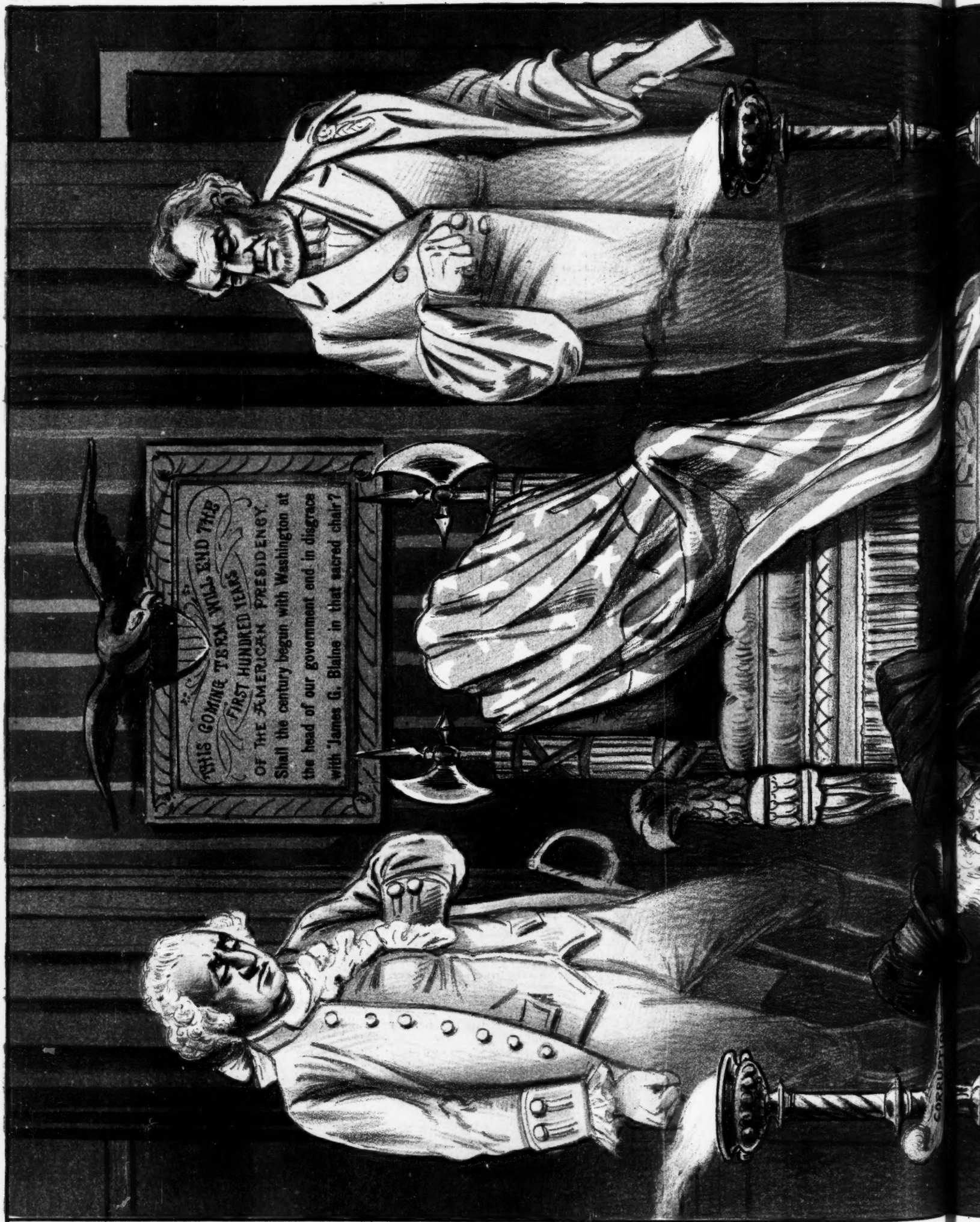
MONTGOMERY PHILLIPS, Chambersburgh.—No, we
shall not give your joke to the Assyrian Pup. After all,
he is but mortal.

IDEAL.—Your poetry is too diaphanous for this cold
hard world. It has gone to be worked up into fly-paper
for next Summer's use.

W. TURNER.—We aren't answering political conun-
drums for people who don't know how to vote. If you
haven't got a conscience, slip up a cent.

SYLVANUS S., Fall River.—We don't know where
your poem is. We know where it ought to be. It ought
to be in the place of departed spirits, which are consid-
ered as words of the same meaning in the Creed.

WELLINGTON WALES.—What's the matter with you?
What do you want? Haven't we peppered this whole
paper with notifications that we can't, won't and shan't
return rejected MSS.? Isn't that enough for you? Do
you want us to send every manuscript-heaver who attacks
us a notification to that effect? Do, eh? Well, you keep
on wanting, and we'll keep on not sending. That will
make us about even, won't it?





THE HONOR OF THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

W. WILKENS'S TRIUMPH.

Little Willie Wilkens was a good little boy in every respect. If all little boys were as good as little Willie Wilkens, it would not be necessary for the circus to station men outside the tent with clubs to keep an eye on would-be interlopers. It would be unnecessary for farmers to watch their melon-patches with pepper-loaded guns, and the hornets would find their stingers superfluous.

Little Willie Wilkens went to Sunday-school all the year round, and never waited until the Christmas-tree began to blossom before joining. He was a very good little boy, and used to prefer playing with his little sister to going about with rough, vicious boys. He loved to wheel his little sister about the streets in a baby-carriage, and he was never known to play hooky or follow a circus procession.

But he was a very proud little boy, was Willie Wilkens, and desired above all things to be dressed neatly and cleanly. If any naughty boy threw mud upon him, he would fly to the nurse to be washed.

"That boy is altogether too proud," observed the father one day: "I'm afraid that if he keeps on he will eventually be a clerk in a 'gents' furnishing-store.' I must crush this haughty spirit, and save the boy's life."

So on the following day he told little Willie that he must carry home all the things from the market. This announcement thrilled the entire being of little Willie Wilkens with peculiar horror. He could not even brook a home haircut or a patch on his trousers. But to carry packages, especially meat and vegetables, he considered a strange reward for all his goodness.

The most galling part of it all was that he would have to walk through the most crowded thoroughfares, and encounter his companions and the friends of the family with the basket.

"It doesn't always pay to be too good in this world," soliloquized little Willie Wilkens: "and I'm going to be bad after this, and lie, and see

if I can't be as prosperous as bad people generally are."

On the following morning his father came into the room where little Willie was sitting drawing dogs on a slate, and, rudely placing the market-basket on his head like a bonnet, said:

"Go down to Marlowe's and get a leg of mutton for Sunday, and carry it home."

When little Willie Wilkens got out on the side-walk, where his father could not hear him, he registered a vow to have revenge.

And when he got to the butcher's, he told that gory individual the circumstances of his visit. He said he was no judge of meat, and that he would like something pretty tough, to make matters even with his father.

The butcher smiled from his checked apron right around to the rear of his head. Then he dove into the refrigerator and brought out a leg of mutton that was all knotted and gnarled, and held it up before the delighted gaze of little Willie Wilkens, who thought it looked like the club used by the giant in the fairy-stories.

"Are you sure that is pretty tough?" inquired little Willie Wilkens.

"Yes," said the butcher, convincingly: "this is extra tough. I was saving it for a boarding-house up the street; but it has not been called for."

The butcher basketted the mutton with a smile, or his left hand, I have forgotten which, and little Willie Wilkens walked off with it toward the paternal mansion. The jeers of his companions glanced off his happy mind as water off a duck's back. He was happy in the knowledge of the fact that he had conquered.

On the following day the mutton was brought upon the table steaming aromatically. The old gentleman smiled; so did little Willie Wilkens, as he sat and twirled his napkin-ring around his finger. The old gentleman put the carving-fork against the sinews that stood out like whipcords, and attempted to force it through.

But the fork would not go in until Mr. Wilkens drove it in with a hammer. And after he got it in, he found that he could not cut into

it, although he pressed upon it with might and main. He looked at it keenly to satisfy himself that it was not a railroad partridge, and then he sent for the saw, which, two minutes later, required a new set of teeth, while the mutton was as unscarred as at the call of time for the first round.

After Mr. Wilkens had removed several pounds of superfluous flesh, he began to get mad.

"That leg of mutton would make a splendid anvil. Bring the axe."

And the axe was brought, and the mutton placed on the floor. Mr. Wilkens spat on both hands and raised the axe above his head. After taking careful aim, he brought it down as hard as he could. When it came in contact with the mutton, it flew off like a billiard-ball from the cushion, and Mr. Wilkens couldn't let go. Consequently the axe flew through the window and took Mr. Wilkens along, and they both went into the rain-water hogshead under the rain-water pipe outside.

On the following day the leg of mutton was sold to a railroad for a turn-table pivot, and little Willie Wilkens is not sent to do the marketing any more.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It is often sarcastically said of an author that there is nothing about his book that is attractive outside of the binding. The highest compliment that can be paid to the genius of George W. Cable is that his last book, "Dr. Sevier," is an acknowledged success, in spite of the covers.

A CERTAIN FRENCH philosopher could not hear the mewling of a cat without bleeding at the nose. This was probably a mere literary affectation. We know a poet who can not gaze on a piece of pie without watering at the eyes.

A BACKWARD FALL—The One You Get when You Put Your Heel on a Cake of Soap.

RECORD-HAUNTED.—A TRAGEDY.



Trying to Get Rid of It.



On the Door-step.



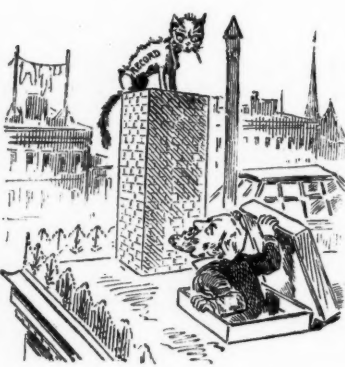
On the Street.



In Church.



At Night.



In the City.



In the Country.



On His Political Grave.

A SCANDINAVIAN ROMANCE.

Imagine a rugged Scandinavian landscape filled with drooping firs and tasseled pines, with arrowy spruce, and gnarled hemlocks, and mighty Thor-defying cedars! Imagine the effect! To a man who ever owned a saw-mill the effect would be simply irresistible. There will be no such landscape in this story.

Two cheap, but effective, paste-board trees stand in the foreground, and up one of these a man is climbing for his hat. The hat had blown off the man's head just as he was coming out of a hat-store in Asia Minor, and after an exciting chase of three thousand miles, in which he has diverged considerably from the main road, the man has at last treed the hat up the cheap tree.

When he had climbed about one hundred and fifty feet, he heard a voice from the neighboring tree, singing in the accents of an old despair. It was also singing a terribly old song; but the man didn't care as long as he could get his hat.

The voice was a girl's voice, so the man naturally looked around for the girl; but he couldn't see her. Then he looked for his hat: it was gone, and he couldn't tell where it had gone, because there was no more scenery around for it to locate in.

"Where are the friends of my youth?" sang the voice just then.

"Blow the friends of your youth!" yelled the man: "and help me find my hat."

"Blow your hat," said a beautiful female, emerging from the paste-board branches of the other cheap tree: "and help me find the friends of my youth."

So they both laughed, (which, according to Norwegian novelists, is what people do in Norway when there is nothing to laugh at,) and then they slid down the trees to the ground, and the man was Hope and the beautiful girl was Memory. When they became known to each other, Hope said:

"Listen to my plan for finding our lost treasures: we will go in different ways and search over the whole world; and, as you are the companion of Age, you must turn back to the east, while I, the companion of Youth, will travel to the west. In seven years we will return to this same spot and bring what we have found."

Then they set out, and when the seven years had expired they returned to the same spot; but they had found nothing. So they sat down, and Memory was sad again; but Hope, who was always cheerful, lit a cigarette and said:

"Dear Memory, what geese we are! As for me, I am going to hope for something better than an old-fashioned hat."

So he cast up his eyes and began to hope.

"You are right," answered Memory: "and I will remember something better than the friends of my youth."

So she cast down her eyes and began to remember. Suddenly a great wave of joy swept over their faces.

"What have you remembered?" cried Hope.

"Oh, beautiful things! I have remembered all the PUCK'S ANNUALS and PUCKS ON WHEELS I ever saw."

"And I," said Hope: "I have hoped for a series of them that should last as long as Time."

"You are both wrong," said a fatherly news-dealer, stepping from behind a cheap tree: "my children, you are both wrong: one lives too much in the past, the other too much in the future. There are no birds in last year's nests, dear Memory; and, Hope, it is equally true that there are no birds in next year's nests. Those who go after birds must always go this year, for that is Nature's law; and those who seek happiness must seek it in the Present. With these few words let me call your attention to PUCK ON WHEELS for 1884, which is now on

AN EXCRUCIATING EXPLANATION.



"I'm fum Misteh Brown, mum—gen'leman whut lives 'cros't de way. He says won't yer please shut dem winders w'en de young lady's a-playin'?"
 "But I thought Mr. Brown was musical himself?"
 "Thass whut's de mattah, mum."

deck. The poet formerly said that 'Happiness is shy and comes not aye when sought man'; but that was in the dreary time before PUCK ON WHEELS. Now, when happiness is sought man, that is, properly sought man, it proceeds to come man; and it comes as Mr. Coke says Justice comes, 'fully, without denial; speedily, without delay.' I am not prepared to state, however, that it comes 'freely without sale.' The price is one quarter of a dollar."

Hope, who had but \$10,000 in his pocket, had been afraid all the time that this sum was too small; but now he gave a cry of joy and bought the book.

And then, until the stars came out, he and Memory read their PUCK ON WHEELS; but when they were through they turned back to the songs of love and read them again, and then again.

"Isn't love beautiful?" said Hope.

"Yes," whispered Memory.

She could say no more; but she put her hand in Hope's and kept it there.

And this was their courtship, and ever after, instead of keeping apart—Hope with Youth and Memory with Age—they have journeyed hand in hand, visiting good friends who have PUCK ON WHEELS; and the result is happiness to all; for, now, Youth is not all selfish ambition nor Age all vain regret.

FUSH.

NOTE.—We wish to say to the Scandinavian news-dealer that a PUCK ON WHEELS can be sold with a good deal less talk.—ED. PUCK.

LADY MARION ALFORD is about to publish a book on "Needlework as an Art," which will be dedicated to the Queen. Lady Alford has probably been informed that the Queen, in putting patches on Wales's pantaloons where they would do the most good before he was married, performed the job so neatly and artistically that the original rent could not be discovered, and she has concluded that such industry should be appropriately recognized.—*Norristown Herald*.

"OUIDA" don't believe in destiny. She says: "I believe there is nothing which befalls us, from a catarrh to a catastrophe, which, if we choose to be honest with ourselves, we may not trace to our own imprudence." How about being struck by lightning or sitting down on a carpet-tack?—*Puck's Sun*.

How little we know of the inner life of our closest friend! While we may imagine that his thoughts are of friendly serenity, he in thinking may muse: "Strange he does not mention the five dollars he borrowed from me." Ah, human nature, thou art a deceptive rascal. Thou smilest the smile of the sweet herb, and thinkest the thought of quinine.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

THE continual and continuous complications and complex negotiations of the various general passenger and freight trunk line associations are believed to date back to the time when the angel came into Siloam and "troubled the pool."—*Phil. News*.

HARRISON, the boy preacher, is making an attempt to Christianize Chicago. When he gets through it is thought he will make preachers of his grandchildren.—*Boston Post*.

—What? a pipe of execrable stuff! What? a cigarette rolled out of drugged or deteriorated leaf! Bah! Get Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, for pipe or cigarette, and then you are sure of a pure, fragrant smoke.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
 When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
 When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
 When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
 Sold by First-class Dealers.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 33, 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 56, 62, 77, 79, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 92, 108 and 137 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

AFTER a hard day's tramp with dog and gun, a nice hot TODDY is very desirable. Whiskey toddy commends itself to almost all sportsmen under such circumstances, but it is frequently injurious in its after effects. A hot drink made of some of the GENUINE

BROWN'S GINGER

which is made from pure JAMAICA Ginger and nothing else, fills the bill and meets the want.

TEST IT.

VICTOR TRICYCLE 2 mile Record FOR THE WORLD. ONLY AMERICAN WHEEL HOLDING A World Record. SEND FOR CATALOG. OVERMAN WHEEL CO. CHICOPEE, MASS.

Fragrant Vanity Fair AND Cloth of Gold CIGARETTES. Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883. 13 First Prize Medals Awarded. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.**

A FAMOUS CASE AND ITS PARALLEL.

To the Editor of the *Evening Post*:

Sir—The following scraps from ancient and modern history are respectfully submitted for inspection and comparison by the curious in such matters: A. SILVERCHURN.

NEW YORK, October 3rd.

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 30th,
[13th,] 1880.

Dear Sir—Find inclosed my draft for \$25,000, in payment of my subscription to the Hope Furnace enterprise. Touching the interest, I have to ask that whatever it may amount to you will permit its payment to be postponed until some matters between Mr. Lee and myself are definitely adjusted. Very resp'y,
J. G. BLAINE.

Mr. Denison.
It was an option.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

BAR HARBOR, Me. }
July 22nd, 1884. }
Hon. H. S. Bundy:

In answer to your recent favor, I beg to say that I am not and never have been the owner of any coal lands or iron lands or lands of any character whatever in the Hocking Valley, or in any part of Ohio; nor have I at any time owned a share of stock in any coal, iron, or land company in the State of Ohio.

J. G. BLAINE.

And ye sayd defendant for answer sayeth:

1. That ye sayd kettle was cracked when he ye sayd deft. did borrowe ye same from ye sayd plff.

2. That ye kettle afore-sayd was sounde & whole when he ye sayd deft. did return ye same unto ye sayd plff.

3. That ye sayd deft. did at no time borrowe from ye sayd plff. any kettle.—*J. Miller's Reports*.

—*Evening Post*.

You can tell an ex-schoolmaster every time. He always tries his chair with his hand before sitting down on it.—*Burlington Free Press*.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn, strengthens the muscles and nerves.

Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

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SHOT GUN.

Top-Snap Action, Pistol Grip, Rebounding Lock, Patent Fore-end Fastening. For good workmanship, convenience of manipulation, hard and close shooting, durability, and beauty of finish, this Gun has no equal and challenges the world. Thousands of these Guns have been sold, and the demand for them is rapidly increasing. We would most respectfully recommend all parties intending to purchase a single breech-loading shot gun, to give this gun a thorough examination before purchasing one of another pattern.

PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, \$15.00; 10 bore, \$16.00; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, \$18.00; 10 bore, \$19.00. Send 6c. in stamps for large catalogue of Roller Skates, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, Guns, etc. JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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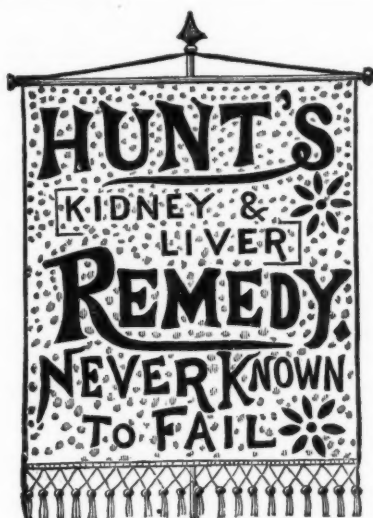
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IT IS A SPECIFIC **IT IS RELIABLE**
FOR in curing
Kidney & Liver Bright's Disease,
Troubles, Pains in
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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.
It cures Biliouness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour
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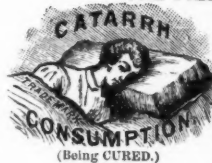
IT WORKS PROMPTLY
and cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases,
General Debility, Excesses and
Female Weakness.

USE IT AT ONCE.

It restores the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOW-
ELS, to a healthy action and CURES when all
other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved
who have been given up to die by friends and
physicians.

Price \$1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to
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5 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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"A pillow from which one wakes to live."
THE PILLOW-INHALER!



This wonderful invention is curing
"hopeless cases" of CATARRH and CON-
SUMPTION. It applies Medicated
and Curative Air to the mucous lining of
the Nose, Throat and Lungs ALL NIGHT,
whilst sleeping as usual. Perfectly com-
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putrid surfaces. IT IS A RADICAL AND
PERMANENT CURE FOR CATARRH, BRON-
CHITIS, ASTHMA AND LUNG TROUBLE.
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OVERCOATINGS,
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Overcoats to order from \$18.00
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Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's
Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined.
Guaranteed the only one in the world gener-
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Current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable,
Comfortable and Effective in curing Rup-
ture. Price Reduced. 500 cured in 1883. Send for pamphlet.
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO., 191 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

NAILED to the front of a factory in Williams-
burgh is a large spread of canvas, on which is
printed:

"The bells will ring out,
In tower and steeple,
For Benjamin Butler, the man
For the people."

On the evening of the 4th of November a
cock-eyed man, whose campaign fund has been
exhausted, will enter the saloon across the
street, and murmur softly:

Sweet bells, ye jangled out of tune
In steeple and in tower;
Ye rang out Bonny Ben too soon—
Waiter!—a whiskey sour!

—Phila. News.

No matter how proud er man may be ter-
day, let him get drunk, an ter-mor' he won't
hold his head so mighty high. It ain't de feel-
in' dat somebody seed him stagger nur de feel-
in' o' sickness whut hab follered—it am simply
de feelin' dat he hab been drunk—a feelin'
whut kain't be described. I hab heard men
brag dat da hab drunk whiskey fur years an'
hab neber been drunk. He may hab kep' de
public from findin' it out, an' may neber be
'cused o' drunkenness; but my 'pinion o' dat
man is dat wid him dar hab made much mo'
effort at hidin' den he hab at tellin' de truth.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

Ovr sympathies are tendered to Jvdge Tivr-
gee in his misfortune; bvt it is hoped that with
the death of *Ovr Continent* its vnique and ovt-
rageovs style of spelling will be gazed vpon no
more for ever in ovr country. —Norristown
Herald.

The Highest Medical Authorities Concede Anglo-
SWISS MILK FOOD to be the BEST prepared Food for Infants
and Invalids. Ask Druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed
Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes
Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement
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Angostura Bitters do not only distinguish themselves by
their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used,
but they are also a sure prevent ve for all diseases originating from
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or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B.
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RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT N° 1
CIGARETTES
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RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
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GREAT
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IN PRICE OF
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LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

SAY JO! DID YOU SEE "EVANS" NEW SELF-INKER? It
beats all. A big press and script type outfit for \$5.
Sample Cards and Catalogue 6 cents.
W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth Street, Phila., Pa.

A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION. THE LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR, A ROYAL REMEDY

Now offered to the American Public by

The Pall Mall Electric Association, of London.

A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It
has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a
newly invented Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience
has shown that they act immediately upon the blood, nerves and tissues, pro-
ducing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months.
There is no shock or unpleasant feeling attending their use, and they can be
worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily
life. Full directions accompanying each one. Every mail brings us most grati-
fying letters from those using them.

THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES

Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints,
Constipation, Cough, Debility, Heartburn,
Rheumatism, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia,
Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria,
Chills and Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sci-
atica, Vertigo, Indigestion, and all their
complications.

There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.

We guarantee each Generator,
OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

FROM MAJOR A. H. TOWNSEND—CHICAGO, ILL., December 17th, 1880.—Your Gen-
erator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not
returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The
second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its
weight in gold. Please send me two more for a friend.

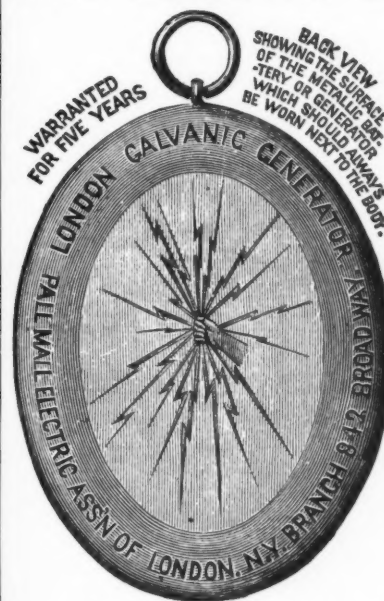
(Major) A. H. TOWNSEND.

FROM A RAILROAD CONTRACTOR—BOSTON, MASS., January 28th, 1881.—Bad diges-
tion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a suf-
ferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise
others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex.

R. H. SANFORD.

YORKSHIRE CENTRE, Cat. Co., N. Y., March 1st.—Dear Sir:—Please send me an-
other of your London Galvanic Generators. The last I ordered was for a lady who
was in great distress with dyspepsia. The Generator relieved her immediately
and oblige
H. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

BRIDGETON, N. J., Nov. 15th, 1880.—Dear Sir:—Please send me one more
London Galvanic Generator. The first one you sent has done so much
good that it calls for another. Several of my employees want them, they
being satisfied that the Generator is no "humbug."
A. F. BAUM.



BUCK, Pa.—Dear Sir:—I can highly recommend your London Galvanic
Generator. My wife has had an old complaint in her back and side for
20 years, so bad at times that it wholly incapacitated her. She tried the
Generator for a short time and she was entirely relieved.
Yours truly,
H. SHUMAN.

Price 50 Cents, of all Druggists.

Ask for London Galvanic Generator. Take no other. We will mail one, post paid, to any part
of the United States on receipt of the amount. Enclose 10c. for registration. Make all orders
payable to G. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

Remit in Stamps, Postal Note or Check. MENTION PUCK.

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PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.
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Flannels, Quilts, &c.

We are offering an extensive variety of Eider and Arctic Down Fancy Silk and Satteen Quilts and Pillows, Marseilles Quilts in very choice designs, California and Whitney Blankets, Fancy Plaid Flannels for Cloakings and Dresses, Fancy Stripes, Plaids, Jersey Cloths and Eider Downs for Wrappers and Toilet Sacks, French and English Flannels for Pajamas, etc., etc., etc.

Broadway & 19th St.
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PERISHABLE SHOES.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary CONGRESS SHOES. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are sure to decay and become worthless UNLESS FRESH when you buy them. Consequently you should be made aware of one important fact in order that you may purchase your shoes INTELLIGENTLY. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been piled up and held in stock for months. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastics perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen. If you want to be safe, buy the JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE which is NOT handled by any middlemen, but comes FRESH from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

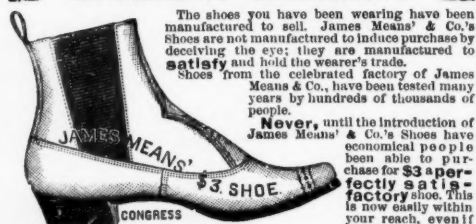
James Means' \$3 Shoe.

Finest Calf Skin, for Gentlemen's Wear.

Button, Lace and Congress.

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY, COMFORT AND STYLE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



The shoes you have been wearing have been manufactured to sell. James Means' & Co.'s Shoes are not manufactured to induce purchase by deceiving the eye; they are manufactured to satisfy and hold the wearer's trade. Shoes from the celebrated factory of James Means & Co., have been tested many years by hundreds of thousands of people. Never, until the introduction of James Means' & Co.'s Shoes have economical people been able to purchase for \$3 a perfectly satisfactory shoe. This is now easily within your reach, even if you live in the most distant corner of the country. Ask your retailer for it, and if he can not supply you, send your address by postal card to JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort. Automatically Adjustable. Displacement Impossible. The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free. Sold by Druggists. (Every Bandage) S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, Sent by mail safely. (Guaranteed.) Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Piles—Piles—Piles

Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, 17r. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.

"Hit me with a little vitriol mixed with broken glass," said a man, who might have been taken for the worst man in the West to an Eighth Street bar-tender yesterday morning: "and fire in a few rattlesnake stings along with it. I'm from Dead Man's Gulch, I am!"

"That's a Western order, sir. I don't understand it," was the reply.

"Don't you know what vitriol is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what glass is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what rattlesnake stings is?"

"No."

"Well, throw in a little red pepper. It will make a weak drink for me, but I'll have to go you. It's a mean-section of the country, this."

The ferocious style of the man had terrorized a half-dozen listeners in the bar-room, and when he lit a rankapee cigar with a whole box of matches the lookers-on were amazed. The Terror spit over the head of the nearest man to him and shouted: "Come a-running with that wash; you've been long enough to clean out a camp or break a bank."

A boy, who had been dispatched by the bar-man to a drug-store, came hurrying just at that time, and the sound of crushing glass made the scowling Westerner look up quickly. Suddenly the bar-man was before him with a large tumbler full of vitriol, broken glass, and red pepper.

"Is the rattlesnake stings in thar?" asked the Terror, with less ferociousness than characterized his former speech.

"It's what you ordered," firmly replied the saloonist.

"I don't want it without the bites," replied the bad man, as he sided toward the door. A club moved from its position behind the bar, and the wicked man stopped.

"Pay for that or go to the hospital," said the bar-man, with determination.

"How much is it?" asked the dangerous man.

"Three dollars."

The money was paid and the Terror sneaked out.—Philadelphia News.

FUR AND SEALSKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableau and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 800 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

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40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR. Remove Instantly Mustache, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. No injury. Easily used. Beats the world. 2 or 3 Flasks done the work. Will prove it, or forfeit \$100.00. Price per Package with directions mailed and postpaid 25 cents. 2 for 50 cts., stamps or notes. L. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agents, Palestine, Ill.



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A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE.

FROM PIMPLES to SCROFULA

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper Colored Diseases of the blood, Skin and Scalp, with loss of hair, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue. WAREHOUSES, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

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1030 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.

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20 Hidden Name 10 cts. 6 packs 50c, your name hidden by hand holding flowers on each. 50 New Imported Embossed Chromos 15c 4 packs 50 cts. (not embossed edge as on those advertised for 10c, but each flower &c. completely embossed) New \$5 Sample Book, Illustrated Premium List &c. sent FREE with each order. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



Beauty and Fragrance

Are Communicated to the Mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but
I got sick again, with terrible pains in my
back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!

From 228 lbs to 120! I had been doc-
toring for my liver, but it did me no good.
I did not expect to live more than three
months. I began to use Hop Bitters.
Directly my appetite returned, my pains
left me, my entire system seemed renewed
as if by magic, and after using several
bottles I am not only as sound as a sov-
ereign but weigh more than I did before.
To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself
day and night; eat too much without ex-
ercise; work too hard without rest; doctor
all the time; take all the vile nostrums
advertised, and then you will want to
know how to get well, which is answered in
three words—Take Hop Bitters!

YOUR NAME on Rubber stamp, 25 cts. Name and Address,
40 cents. BEN. W. AUSTIN, Sioux City, Iowa.

BUIST'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR
MONEY RETURNED. Sow them, and your gar-
den will be a success. Call for Garden Manual,
and SEE OUR SPECIAL DISCOUNTS.

BUIST'S SEED WAREHOUSE,
922 and 924 Market St., next to the Post-office.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never fails to give im-
mediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfort
and sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A
trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and
\$1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE
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Has paid to Policy-holders over \$10,000,000, and is now paying them \$4,000 a day.

Issues Accident Policies

Indemnifying the Business or Professional Man or Farmer for his Profits, the Wage-Worker for his Wages, lost from
Accidental Injury, and guaranteeing Principal Sum in Case of Death.

Only \$5.00 a year to Professional or Business Men, for each \$1,000 with \$5.00 weekly indemnity. No
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Of every Desirable Form for Family Protection or Investment for Personal Benefit.

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Assets, - - - - - \$7,691,000

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Rates as low as will permanently secure Full Payment of Face Value of policies.

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

No longer does the boy
In shady brooklets swim,
Nor seeks the maiden coy
The golden-rod so prim.
He to his sorrow learns
The way to school and back;
She simply sits and yearns
For that lovely seal-skin sacque.

—Boston Post.

A MACHINE for cleaning carpets without beat-
ing them is a recent invention. What suffering
man and woman need is a machine that will
clean without taking up the carpets. When
such a contrivance is introduced, seventy-five
per cent less male profanity will shoot through
the startled atmosphere each Spring and Fall.
—Norristown Herald.

AT THE CIRCUS.—Wife to husband: "Oh,
just look at that woman lifting that man with
her teeth!"

Husband: "They are married, no doubt."

Wife (innocently): "Why?"

Husband: Because, if they were not married,
she could not raise him so well with her jaw."—
Arkansas Traveler.

Now that the various Collegiate Institutions
in the country have arrayed themselves on one
side or the other—or on both—of the political
contest, the nation breathlessly awaits the fiat
which shall go forth from the numerous Kin-
der-Gartens, in which our land abounds.—Life.

JANITOR (to his wife, who has hung the water-
pail on the gas-jet): "Bridget, me darlin', did
Mr. Levystrauss tell ye to put this pail on the
gas?"—Bridget: "No, Pat; but he was after
sayin' that the gas was laking, shure!"—Wash-
ington Hatchet.

WHEN Bass was censured for jilting one girl
in favor of another, he said he had always sup-
posed that a change of heart was something to
congratulate a person upon rather than to blame
him for.—Boston Transcript.

"How does the milk get into the cocoanut?"
asks a subscriber. It does, not get into it at
all. The cocoanut grows around the milk.
Ask us a hard one.—Burlington Hawkeye.

If big heads are a sign of astuteness, a cab-
bage should be sharper than a pin.—Pittsburgh
Chronicle.

"My wife for years has been troubled with a disease of the
kidneys; physicians pronounced it diabetes, but she received no
benefit from their treatment. HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) Rem-
edy has made a wonderful change in her condition. Her health
is good."—O. M. Hubbell, 344 Prospect, Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.,
June 18, 1883.

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